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Shakespeare - Cymbeline - 1896.

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# CYMBELINE

A COMEDY

IN FIVE ACTS

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

AS ARRANGED FOR THE STAGE

BY

HENRY IRVING

AND PRESENTED AT

THE LYCEUM THEATRE

*ON TUESDAY, 22nd SEPTEMBER, 1896*



Fourth Thousand

LONDON

PRINTED AT THE CHISWICK PRESS

1896

PRICE ONE SHILLING.





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## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

### BRITONS.

|                                                                                   |                        |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------|
| CYMBELINE, King of Britain . .                                                    | MR. MACKLIN.           |
| CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a<br>former husband . . . . . }                       | MR. NORMAN FORBES.     |
| POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentle-<br>man, husband to Imogen . . }                     | MR. FRANK COOPER.      |
| BELARIUS, a banished lord, dis-<br>guised under the name of<br>Morgan . . . . . } | MR. FREDERIC ROBINSON. |
| GUIDERIUS, } supposed sons to {                                                   | MR. B. WEBSTER.        |
| ARVIRAGUS, } Belarius . . }                                                       | MR. GORDON CRAIG.      |
| PISANIO, servant to Posthumus .                                                   | MR. TYARS.             |
| CORNELIUS, a Physician . . . .                                                    | MR. LACY.              |
| Two British Captains . . . . }                                                    | MR. ARCHER.            |
|                                                                                   | MR. NEEDHAM.           |
| Two British Lords . . . . }                                                       | MR. HAGUE.             |
|                                                                                   | MR. BELMORE.           |
| A French Gentleman . . . . .                                                      | MR. OLIVER.            |
| Queen, wife to Cymbeline . . .                                                    | MISS GENEVIEVE WARD.   |
| HELEN, lady to Imogen . . . .                                                     | MRS. TYARS.            |
| IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline<br>by a former Queen . . . . }                      | MISS ELLEN TERRY.      |

### ROMANS.

|                               |                       |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------|
| IACHIMO, } Roman Nobles {     | HENRY IRVING.         |
| PHILARIO, }                   | MR. MELLISH.          |
| CAIUS LUCIUS, a Roman General | MR. H. COOPER CLIFFE. |
| A Roman Captain. . . . .      | MR. TABB.             |

*Lords, Ladies, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman,  
Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, etc.*

SCENE: *Britain: Rome.*



# SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

## ACT I.

- SCENE 1. BRITAIN. Garden of Cymbeline's  
Palace . . . . . *Hawes Craven.*  
" 2. ROME. Philario's House. The  
Triclinium . . . . . *J. Harker.*

## ACT II.

- SCENE 1. BRITAIN. Room in the Palace . . . *J. Harker.*  
" 2. Before the Palace . . . *Hawes Craven.*  
" 3. Imogen's Bedchamber . . *J. Harker.*

## ACT III.

- SCENE 1. BRITAIN. Garden of Palace . . . *Hawes Craven.*  
" 2. ROME. Philario's House. The  
Atrium . . . . . *J. Harker.*  
" 3. BRITAIN. Cymbeline's Palace . . *J. Harker.*

## ACT IV.

- SCENE 1. WALES. A Mountainous Country,  
with a Cave . . . . . *Hawes Craven.*  
" 2. Near Milford Haven . . *Hawes Craven.*  
" 3. BRITAIN. Cymbeline's Palace . . *J. Harker.*  
" 4. WALES. Before the Cave . . . *Hawes Craven.*  
" 5. Near the Cave . . . . *Hawes Craven.*  
" 6. Before the Cave . . . . *Hawes Craven.*

## ACT V.

- SCENE 1. BRITAIN. Near the Roman Camp . *Hawes Craven.*  
" 2. The Field of Battle . . *Hawes Craven.*  
" 3. Another Part of the  
Field . . . . . *Hawes Craven.*  
" 4. Cymbeline's Tent . . . *Hawes Craven.*

PERIOD : *First Century.*





# CYMBELINE.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *Britain. The garden of CYMBELINE'S palace.*

*Enter two Lords.*

*First Lord.*

**Y**OU do not meet a man but frowns : our  
looks  
No more obey the heart, ev'n than our  
courtiers',—  
But seem as do the king's.

*Sec. Lord.*

But what's the matter?

*First Lord.* His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom,  
whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son,—a widow  
That late he married,—hath preferr'd herself  
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman :  
She's wedded ; her husband banish'd ; she imprison'd :  
All's outward sorrow ; though, I think, the king  
Be touch'd at very heart.

*Sec. Lord.*

None but the king?

*First Lord.* He that hath lost her too ; so is the  
queen,

That most desir'd the match ; but not a courtier,  
Although they wear their faces to the bent  
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not

Glad at the thing they scowl at.

*Sec. Lord.*

And why so?

*First Lord.* He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing

Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her—  
And therefore banish'd—is a creature such  
As, to seek through the regions of the earth  
For one his like, there would be something failing  
In him that should compare.

*Sec. Lord.*

I honour him,

Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,  
Is she sole child to the king?

*First Lord.*

His only child.

He had two sons—if this be worth your hearing,  
Mark it—the eld'st of them at three years old,  
I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery  
Were stol'n, and to this hour no guess in knowledge  
Which way they went.

*Sec. Lord.*

How long is this ago?

*First Lord.* Some twenty years.

*Sec. Lord.*

That a king's children should

Be so slackly guarded!

*First Lord.*

Howsoe'er 'tis strange,

Yet it is true, sir.

*Sec. Lord.*

I do well believe you.

We must forbear : here comes the gentleman,  
The queen, and princess.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter the QUEEN, her Ladies, POSTHUMUS, and  
IMOGEN.*

*Queen.* No, be assur'd you shall not find me,  
daughter,

After the slander of most stepmothers,  
Evil-ey'd unto you : you're my prisoner, but  
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys  
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthúmus,  
So soon as I can win the offended king,  
I will be known your advocate.

*Post.* Please your highness,  
I will from hence to-day.

*Queen.* You know the peril.—  
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying  
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king  
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.  
Be brief, I pray you :  
If the king come, I shall incur I know not  
How much of his displeasure. [*Aside.*] Yet I'll move  
him

To walk this way. [*Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies.*]

*Imo.* O  
Dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant  
Can tickle where she wounds ! My dearest husband,  
I something fear my father's wrath ; but nothing—  
Always reserv'd my holy duty—what  
His rage can do on me : you must be gone ;  
And I shall here abide the hourly shot  
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,  
But that there is this jewel in the world  
That I may see again.

*Post.* My queen ! my mistress ! I will remain  
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth :  
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,  
Who to my father was a friend, to me  
Known but by letter : thither write, my queen,  
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,  
Though ink be made of gall. Should we be taking leave  
As long a term as yet we have to live,  
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu !

*Imo.* Nay, stay a little : look here, love ;  
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;  
But keep it till you woo another wife,  
When Imogen is dead.

*Post.* How, how ! another ?  
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,  
And seal up my embracements from a next  
With bonds of death ! [*Putting on the ring.*] Remain,  
remain thou here

While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest, fairest,  
 As I my poor self did exchange for you,  
 To your so infinite loss ; so in our trifles  
 I still win of you : for my sake wear this :  
 It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it  
 Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*

*Imo.*

O the gods !

When shall we see again ?

*Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.*

*Post.*

Alack, the king !

*Cym.* Thou basest thing, avoid ! hence, from my sight !  
 If after this command thou fraught the court  
 With thy unworthiness, thou diest : away !  
 Thou'rt poison to my blood.

*Post.*

The gods protect you !

And bless the good remainders of the court !

I'm gone.

[*Exit* POSTHUMUS.

*Imo.*

There cannot be a pinch in death  
 More sharp than this is.

*Cym.*

O disloyal thing,

That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st  
 A year's age on me.

*Imo.*

I beseech you, sir,

Harm not yourself with your vexation :

I am senseless of your wrath ; a touch more rare  
 Subdues all pangs, all fears.

*Cym.*

Past grace ? obedience ?

*Imo.* Past hope, and in despair ; that way, past  
 grace.

*Cym.* That mightst have had the sole son of my  
 queen !

*Imo.* O blest, that I might not ! I chose an eagle  
 And did avoid a puttock.\*

*Cym.* Thou took'st a beggar, wouldst have made  
 my throne

\* A kite.

A seat for baseness.

*Imo.* No; I rather added

A lustre to it.

*Cym.* O thou vile one!

*Imo.* Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthúmus:

You bred him as my playfellow, and he is

A man worth any woman; overbuys me

Almost the sum he pays.

*Cym.* What, art thou mad?

*Imo.* Almost, sir: heaven restore me! Would I were

A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus

Our neighbour-shepherd's son! *[Exit.*

*Cym.* Thou foolish thing!

*Re-enter QUEEN.*

They were again together: you have done

Not after our command.

*Queen.* Beseech your patience.

Peace, and make yourself some comfort

Out of your best advice.

*Cym.* Nay, let her languish

A drop of blood a day; and, being agèd,

Die of this folly! *[Exeunt CYMBELINE and Lords.*

*Queen.* Fie! you must give way.

*Re-enter Ladies.*

Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste: who has the note of them?

*Lady.* I, madam.

*Queen.* Dispatch. *[Exeunt Ladies.*

*Enter CORNELIUS.*

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

*Cor.* Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are,  
madam:

But I beseech your grace,—wherefore you have  
 Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,  
 Which are the movers of a languishing death;  
 But, though slow, deadly?

*Queen.* I do wonder, doctor,  
 Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been  
 Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how  
 To make perfumes? distill? preserve? Yea, so  
 That our great king himself doth woo me oft  
 For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—  
 Unless thou think'st me devilish,—is't not meet  
 That I did amplify my judgment in  
 Other conclusions? I will try the forces  
 Of these thy compounds on such creatures as  
 We count not worth the hanging,—but none human,—  
 To try the vigour of them and apply  
 Allayments to their act, and by them gather  
 Their several virtues and effects.

*Cor.* Your highness  
 Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:  
 Besides, the seeing these effects will be  
 Both noisome and infectious.

*Queen.* O, content thee.  
 [*Taking a casket from CORNELIUS.*  
*[Aside.]* Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him  
 Will I first work: he's for his master, and  
 An enemy to my son.—

*Enter PISANIO.*

How now, Pisanio!  
 Doctor, your service for this time is ended.  
 [*QUEEN and PISANIO speak together, apart.*  
*Cor. [Aside.]* I do not like her. I do know her  
 spirit,  
 And will not trust one of her malice with  
 A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has  
 Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile,—  
 No danger! She is fool'd with a most false effect.

*Queen.* No further service, doctor,  
Until I send for thee.

*Cor.* I humbly take my leave.  
[*Exit CORNELIUS.*]

*Queen.* Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou  
think in time  
She will not quench and let instructions enter  
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work :  
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,  
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then  
As great as is thy master. [*The QUEEN drops the  
box : PISANIO takes it up.*] Thou tak'st up  
Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour :  
It is a thing I made, which hath the king  
Five times redeem'd from death : I prithee, take it ;  
It is an earnest of a further good  
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how .  
The case stands with her : do 't as from thyself.  
I'll move the king  
To any shape of thy preferment such  
As thou 'lt desire. [*Aside.*] A sly and constant  
knave,  
Not to be shak'd ; the agent for his master.  
I've given him that  
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her  
Of liegers for her sweet ; and which she after,  
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd  
To taste of too.

*Re-enter Ladies.*

So, so ; well done, well done.  
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses  
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio :  
Think on my words. [*Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies.*]  
*Pis.* And shall do :  
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,  
I'll choke myself : there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*]

SCENE 2. *Rome. PHILARIO's house.*

PHILARIO, IACHIMO, *a Frenchman, a Dutchman  
and a Spaniard discovered.*

*Iachimo.*

**B**ELIEVE it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

*Phil.* You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

*French.* I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

*Iach.* This matter of marrying his king's daughter,—wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own,—words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

*French.* And then his banishment:—

*Iach.* Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

*Phi.* His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

*Enter POSTHUMUS.*

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine.

*French.* Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

*Post.* Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still.

*French.* Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness : I was glad I did atone my countryman and you ; it had been pity you should have put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

*Post.* By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller ; but upon my mended judgment—if I offend not to say it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight.

*French.* 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords.

*Iach.* Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference ?

*French.* Safely, I think. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses ; this gentleman at that time vouching his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

*Iach.* That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

*Post.* She holds her virtue still and I my mind.

*Iach.* You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

*Post.* Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

*Iach.* As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many : but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

*Post.* I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

*Iach.* What do you esteem it at?

*Post.* More than the world enjoys.

*Iach.* Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

*Post.* You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

*Iach.* Which the gods have given you?

*Post.* Which, by their graces, I will keep.

*Iach.* You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

*Post.* Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince\* the honour of my mistress, if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

*Phi.* Let us leave here, gentlemen.

*Post.* Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

*Iach.* With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

*Post.* No, no.

*Iach.* I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

\* Prove.

*Post.* You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion ; and I doubt not you'll sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

*Iach.* What's that?

*Post.* A repulse : though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more,—a punishment too.

*Phi.* Gentlemen, enough of this : it came in too suddenly ; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

*Iach.* Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke !

*Post.* What lady would you choose to assail ?

*Iach.* Yours ;—whom in constancy you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference,—

*Post.* I will wage against your gold, gold to it : my ring I hold dear as my finger ; 'tis part of it.

*Iach.* You are her friend, and therein the wiser. I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

*Post.* This is but a custom in your tongue ; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

*Iach.* I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

*Post.* Will you ? I shall but lend my diamond till your return : let there be covenants drawn between's : my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking : I dare you to this match : here's my ring.

*Phi.* I will have it no lay.

*Iach.* By the gods, it is one.—If I bring you no sufficient testimony, if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours.

*Post.* I embrace these conditions ; only, thus far you shall answer : if you prevail, I am no further your enemy ; she is not worth our debate : if not, for your

ill opinion and the assault you have made, you shall answer me with your sword.

*Iach.* Your hand ; a covenant : we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain : I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded.

*Post.* Agreed. [*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.





## ACT II.

SCENE I. *A room in the Palace. IMOGEN discovered.*

*Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.*

*Pisanio.*



ADAM, a noble gentleman of Rome,  
Comes from my lord with letters.

*Iach.* Change you, madam?

The worthy Leonatus is in safety,

And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*

*Imo.*

Thanks, good sir:

You're kindly welcome.

*Iach. [Aside.]* All of her that is out of door most  
rich!

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,  
She is alone th' Arabian bird,\* and I  
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!  
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!

*Imo. [Reads.]* "He is one of the noblest note, to  
whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect  
upon him accordingly, as you value your truest—

LEONATUS."

So far I read aloud:

But even the very middle of my heart  
Is warm'd by th' rest, and takes it thankfully.  
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I  
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so  
In all that I can do.

*Iach.*

Thanks, fairest lady.

[*Half aside.*] What, are men mad? Hath nature  
given them eyes

\* The phoenix.

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop  
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt  
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones  
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not  
Partition make with spectacles so precious,  
'Twixt fair and foul?

*Imo.* What makes your admiration?

*Iach.* [*Half aside.*] It cannot be i' the eye; nor i'  
the judgment;

For idiots, in this case of favour, would  
Be wisely definite.

*Imo.* What is the matter, trow?

*Iach.* [*To PISANIO.*] Beseech you, sir, desire  
My man's abode where I did leave him: he  
Is strange and peevish.

*Pis.* I was going, sir,  
To give him welcome. [*Exit.*]

*Imo.* Continues well, my lord? His health, beseech  
you?

*Iach.* Well, madam.

*Imo.* Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

*Iach.* Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there  
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd  
The Briton reveller.

*Imo.* When he was here,  
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times  
Not knowing why.

*Iach.* I never saw him sad.  
There is a Frenchman, his companion, one  
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves  
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces  
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton—  
Your lord, I mean—laughs from 's free lungs,  
cries "O,

Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows  
By history, report, or his own proof,  
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose  
But must be, will in 's free hours languish for  
Assurèd bondage?"

*Imo.* Will my lord sa

*Iach.* Ay, madam, with his eyes a good with laughter :

It is a recreation to be by  
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens  
know,  
Some men are much to blame.

*Imo.* Not he, I hope.

*Iach.* Not he : but yet heaven's bounty towards him  
might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much ;  
In you—which I 'count his—beyond all talents,\*—  
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound  
To pity too.

*Imo.* What do you pity, sir ?

*Iach.* Two creatures heartily.

*Imo.* Am I one, sir ?

You look on me : what wreck discern you in me  
Deserves your pity ?

*Iach.* Lamentable ! What,  
To hide me from the radiant sun and solace  
I' the dungeon by a snuff ?

*Imo.* I pray you, sir,  
Deliver with more openness your answers  
To my demands. Why do you pity me ?

*Iach.* That others do—  
I was about to say—enjoy your——But  
It is an office of the gods to venge it,  
Not mine to speak on 't.

*Imo.* You do seem to know  
Something of me, or what concerns me : pray you,—  
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more  
Than to be sure they do—discover to me  
What both you spur and stop.

*Iach.* Had I this cheek  
To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch,  
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul  
To th' oath of loyalty ;—should I,—damn'd then,—

\* Wealth.

Slaver with lips as common as the stairs  
That mount the Capitol ; join gripes with hands  
Made hard with hourly falsehood—it were fit  
That all the plagues of hell should at one time  
Encounter such revolt.

*Imo.* My lord, I fear,  
Has forgot Britain.

*Iach.* And himself. Not I,  
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce  
The beggary of his change ; but 'tis your graces  
That, from my mutest conscience to my tongue,  
Charms this report out.

*Imo.* Let me hear no more.

*Iach.* O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart  
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady  
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,\*  
Would make the great'st king double,—to be partner'd  
With Tomboys, hir'd with that self exhibition †  
Which your own coffers yield! Be reveng'd,  
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you  
Recoil from your great stock.

*Imo.* Reveng'd!  
If this be true, how should I be reveng'd?

*Iach.* I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,  
And will continue fast to your affection,  
Still close as sure.

*Imo.* What, ho, Pisanio!

*Iach.* Let me my service tender on your lips.

*Imo.* Away! I do condemn mine ears that have  
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,  
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not  
For such an end thou seek'st—as base as strange.  
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far  
From thy report as thou from honour, and  
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains  
Thee and the devil alike. What, ho, Pisanio!  
The king my father shall be made acquainted  
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,

\* Empire.

† Allowance.

A saucy stranger in his court to mart  
As in a Romish stew, and to expound  
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court  
He little cares for, and a daughter who  
He not respects at all.—What, ho, Pisanio!

*Iach.* O happy Leonatus! I may say:  
The credit that thy lady hath of thee  
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness  
Her assur'd credit. Blessed live you long!  
I've spoken this, to know if your affiance  
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,  
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one  
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch  
That he enchants societies unto him;  
Half all men's hearts are his.

*Imo.* You make amends.

*Iach.* He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:  
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,  
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,  
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd  
To try your taking of a false report; which hath  
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment  
In the election of a sir so rare,  
Which you know cannot err. Pray, your pardon.

*Imo.* All's well, sir: take my power i' the court for  
yours.

*Iach.* My humble thanks. I had almost forgot  
T' entreat your grace but in a small request,  
And yet of moment too, for it concerns  
Your lord, myself, and other noble friends,  
Are partners in the business.

*Imo.* Pray, what is 't?

*Iach.* Some dozen Romans of us and your lord—  
The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums  
To buy a present for the emperor;  
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done  
In France: 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels  
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;  
And I am something curious, being strange,

To have them in safe stowage : may it please you  
To take them in protection ?

*Imo.*

Willingly ;

And pawn mine honour for their safety : since  
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them  
In my bedchamber.

*Iach.*

They are in a trunk,  
Attended by my men : I will make bold  
To send them to you, only for this night ;  
I must aboard to-morrow.

*Imo.*

Oh, no, no.

*Iach.* Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word  
By lengthening my return. From Gallia  
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise  
To see your grace.

*Imo.*

I thank you for your pains :  
But not away to-morrow !

*Iach.*

O, I must, madam :

Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please  
To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night :  
I have outstood my time ; which is material  
To th' tender of our present.

*Imo.*

I will write.

Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept,  
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2. *Britain. Before CYMBELINE'S palace.*

*Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.*

*Cloten.*



AS there ever man had such luck ! I had a  
hundred pound on 't : and then a jackanapes  
must take me up for swearing ; as if I  
borrowed mine oaths of him and might not spend  
them at my pleasure.

*First Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

*Clo.* Dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank! I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth: I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

*Sec. Lord.* It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

*Clo.* No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

*Sec. Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

*Clo.* Why, so I say.

*First Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

*Clo.* A stranger, and I not know on't!

*First Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

*Clo.* Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

*First Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

*Clo.* Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

*Sec. Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

*Clo.* Not easily, I think. I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

*Sec. Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTEN and First Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother  
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that  
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son  
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,  
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,  
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st,  
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,  
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer

More hateful than the foul expulsion is  
 Of thy dear husband. The heavens hold firm  
 The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshak'd  
 That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand,  
 To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE 3. IMOGEN'S *bedchamber* : a trunk in one  
*corner of it.*

IMOGEN *in bed, reading* ; HELEN *attending.*

*Imogen.*



HO'S there ? my woman Helen ?

*Helen.*

Please you, madam.

*Imo.* What hour is it ?

*Helen.*

Almost midnight, madam.

*Imo.* I have read three hours then : mine eyes are  
 weak :

Fold down the leaf where I have left : to bed :  
 Take not away the taper, leave it burning ;  
 And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,  
 I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit HELEN.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods.  
 From fairies and the tempters of the night  
 Guard me, beseech ye.

[*Sleeps.* IACHIMO *comes from the trunk.*]

*Iach.* The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd  
 sense

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus  
 Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd  
 The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,  
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed, fresh lily,  
 And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch !  
 But kiss ; one kiss ! Rubies unparagon'd,  
 How dearly they do't ! 'Tis her breathing that  
 Perfumes the chamber thus : the flame o' the taper  
 Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,

To see the enclosed lights, now canopied  
Under these windows, white and azure, lac'd  
With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design's  
To note the chamber : I will write all down :  
There the window ; such  
Th' adornment of her bed ; the arras-figures,  
Why, such and such ; and the contents o' the story,—  
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,  
Above ten thousand meaner movables  
Would testify, t' enrich mine inventory.  
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her !  
And be her sense but as a monument,  
Thus in a chapel lying ! Come off, come off :

*[Taking off her bracelet.]*

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard !  
'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly,  
As strongly as the conscience does within,  
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast  
A mole cinque-spotted,\* like the crimson drops  
I' the bottom of a cowslip.  
No more.

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,  
Screw'd to my memory ? She hath been reading late  
The tale of Tereus ; here the leaf's turn'd down  
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough :  
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.  
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning  
May bare the raven's eye ! I lodge in fear ;  
Though this, a heavenly angel, hell is here.

*[Clock strikes.]*

One, two, three : time, time ! *[Goes into the trunk.]*

\* With five spots.





### ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Garden of CYMBELINE's palace.*

*Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.*

*First Lord.*



OUR lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

*Clo.* It would make any man cold to lose.

*First Lord.* But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

*Clo.* Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning is't not?

*First Lord.* Day, my lord.

*Clo.* I would this music would come: [*Exit FIRST LORD.*] I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

*Enter Musicians.*

Come on; tune: first, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it: and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phœbus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chalic'd flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes ;  
With every thing that pretty bin :  
My lady sweet, arise ;  
Arise, arise.

*Clo.* So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will  
consider your music the better. [*Exeunt Musicians.*]

*Sec. Lord.* Here comes the king.

*Clo.* I am glad I was up so late ; for that's the  
reason I was up so early.

*Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, Lords and Ladies.*

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious  
mother.

*Cym.* Attend you our stern daughter? Will she not  
forth ?

*Clo.* I have assailed her with music, but she vouch-  
safes no notice.

*Cym.* The exile of her minion is too new ;  
She hath not yet forgot him : some more time  
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,  
And then she's yours.

*Queen.* You are most bound to the king,  
Who lets go by no vantages that may  
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself  
To orderly soliciting ; so seem as if  
You were inspir'd to do those duties which  
You tender to her ; that you in all obey her,  
Save when command to your dismission tends,  
And therein you are senseless.\*

*Clo.* Senseless ! not so.

*Re-enter FIRST LORD.*

*First Lord.* So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome ;  
The one is Caius Lucius.

*Cym.* A worthy fellow,

\* Insensible.



To your best kindness : one of your great knowing  
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

*Clo.* To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin :  
I will not.

*Imo.* Fools cure not mad folks.

*Clo.* Do you call me fool ?

*Imo.* As I am mad, I do. Learn now, for all,  
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,  
By the very truth of it, I care not for you ;  
And am so near the lack of charity,—  
T' accuse myself—I hate you ; which I'd rather  
You felt, than make 't my boast.

*Clo.* You sin against  
Obedience, which you owe your father. For  
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,  
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,—  
With scraps o' the court,—it is no contract, none :  
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,—  
Yet who than he more mean ?

*Imo.* Profane fellow !  
Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more  
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base  
To be his groom : thou wert dignified enough,  
Even to the point of envy, to be styl'd  
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated  
For being preferr'd so well.

*Clo.* The south-fog rot him !

*Imo.* He never can meet more mischance than  
come  
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,  
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer  
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,  
Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio !

*Enter PISANIO.*

*Clo.* " His garment ! " Now the devil—

*Imo.* To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently—

*Clo.* " His garment ! "

*Imo.* I am sprited \* with a fool,  
 Frighted, and anger'd worse : go bid my woman  
 Search for a jewel that too casually  
 Hath left mine arm : it was thy master's : shrew me,  
 If I would lose it for a revenue  
 Of any king's in Europe. I do think  
 I saw 't this morning : confident I am  
 Last night 'twas on mine arm ; I kiss'd it then :  
 I hope it be not gone, to tell my lord  
 That I kiss aught but he.

*Pis.* 'Twill not be lost.

*Imo.* I hope so : go and search. [*Exit PISANIO.*]

*Clo.* You have abus'd me :  
 "His meanest garment!"

*Imo.* Ay, I said so, sir :  
 If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

*Clo.* I will inform your father.

*Imo.* Your mother too :  
 She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,  
 But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,  
 To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*]

*Clo.* I'll be reveng'd :  
 "His meanest garment!" Well. [*Exit.*]

SCENE 2. *Rome.* PHILARIO'S House.

*Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.*

*Posthumus.*



PEAR it not, sir : I would I were so sure  
 To win the king as I am bold her honour  
 Will remain hers.

*Phi.* What means do you make to him ?

*Post.* Not any, but abide the change of time ;  
 Quake in the present winter's state, and wish  
 That warmer days would come.

*Phi.* By this, your king  
 Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius

\* Haunted.

Will do's commission throughly: and I think  
He'll grant the tribute.

*Post.* I do believe,  
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear  
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed  
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings  
Of a penny tribute paid.

*Enter IACHIMO.*

*Phi.* See! Iachimo!

*Post.* The swiftest harts have posted you by land;  
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,  
To make your vessel nimble.

*Phi.* Welcome, sir.

*Post.* I hope the briefness of your answer made  
The speediness of your return.

*Iach.* Your lady  
Is one of the fairest that I've look'd upon.

*Post.* And therewithal the best; or let her beauty  
Look through a casement to allure false hearts  
And be false with them.

*Iach.* Here are letters for you.

*Post.* Their tenour good, I trust.

*[Opens them and reads.]*

*Iach.* 'Tis very like.

*Phi.* Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court  
When you were there?

*Iach.* He was expected then,  
But not approach'd.

*Post.* All is well yet.—  
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not  
Too dull for your good wearing?

*Iach.* If I had lost it,  
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.  
The ring is won.

*Post.* The stone's too hard to come by.

*Iach.* Not a whit,  
Your lady being so easy.

*Post.* Make not, sir,  
Your loss your sport : I hope you know that we  
Must not continue friends.

*Iach.* Good sir, we must,  
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought  
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant  
We were to question further : but I now  
Profess myself the winner, and not the wronger  
Of her or you, having proceeded but  
By both your wills.

*Post.* If you can make 't apparent,  
My ring is yours ; if not, the foul opinion  
You had of her pure honour gains or loses  
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both  
To who shall find them. Proceed.

*Iach.* First, her bedchamber.—'Twas hang'd  
With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story  
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,  
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks. A piece of work  
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive  
In workmanship and value.

*Post.* This is true ;  
And this you might have heard of here, by me,  
Or by some other.

*Iach.* More particulars  
Must justify my knowledge.

*Post.* So they must,  
Or do your honour injury.

*Iach.* The chimney  
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece  
Chaste Dian bathing : never saw I figures  
So likely to report themselves : the cutter  
Was as another nature, dumb ; outwent her,  
Motion and breath left out.

*Post.* This is a thing  
Which you might from relation likewise reap,  
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

*Iach.* The roof o' the chamber  
With golden cherubins is fretted : her andirons—

I had forgot them—were two wingèd Cupids  
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely  
Depending on their brands.

*Post.*

Is this her honour?—

Let it be granted you have seen all this—and praise  
Be given to your remembrance—the description  
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves  
The wager you have laid.

*Iach.*

Then, if you can,

[*Showing the bracelet.*]

Be pale : I beg but leave to air this jewel ; see !—  
And now 'tis up again : it must be married  
To that your diamond ; I'll keep them.

*Post.*

Jove !—

Once more let me behold it : is it that  
Which I left with her ?

*Iach.*

Sir—I thank her—that :

She stripp'd it from her arm ; I see her yet ;  
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,  
And yet enrich'd it too : she gave it me, and said  
She priz'd it once.

*Post.*

May be she pluck'd it off

To send it me.

*Iach.*

She writes so to you, doth she ?

*Post.* O, no, no, no ! 'tis true. Here, take this too ;

[*Gives the ring.*]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,  
Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honour  
Where there is beauty ; truth, where semblance ; love,  
Where there's another man : the vows of women  
Of no more bondage be, to where they're made,  
Than they are to their virtues ; which is nothing.  
O, above measure false !

*Phi.*

Have patience, sir,

And take your ring again : 'tis not yet won :

It may be probable she lost it ; or

Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,

Hath stol'n it from her ?

*Post.*

Very true ;

And so, I hope, he came by 't. Back my ring :  
Render to me some corporal sign about her,  
More evident than this ; for this was stolen.

*Iach.* By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

*Post.* Hark you, he swears ; by Jupiter he swears.  
'Tis true :—nay, keep the ring—'tis true : I'm sure  
She would not lose it : her attendants are  
All sworn and honourable :—they induc'd to steal it !  
There, take thy hire ; and all the fiends of hell  
Divide themselves between you !

*Phi.* Sir, be patient.

This is not strong enough to be believ'd  
Of one persuaded well of—

*Iach.* If you seek

For further satisfying, under her breast—  
Worthy her pressing,—lies a mole, right proud  
Of that most delicate lodging : you do remember  
This stain upon her ?

*Post.* Ay, and it doth confirm

Another stain, as big as hell can hold,  
Were there no more but it.

*Iach.* Will you hear more ?

*Post.* O, that I had her here, to tear her limbmeal !  
I will go there and do 't, i' the court, before  
Her father. I'll do something—there's no motion  
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm  
It is the woman's part : be't lying, note it,  
The woman's ; flattering, hers ; deceiving, hers ;  
All faults that have a name, nay, that hell knows,  
Why, hers, in part or all.—I'll write against them,  
Detest them, curse them : yet, 'tis greater skill,  
In a true hate, to pray they have their will ;  
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

*Phi.* Quite besides

The government of patience ! You have won :  
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath,  
He hath against himself.

*Iach.* With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE 3. *Britain. Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.*

*Enter PISANIO, reading a letter.*

*Pisanio.*

**N**OW! disloyal? Wherefore write you not  
 What monster's her accuser?—What false  
 Italian,  
 As poisonous-tongu'd as handed, hath prevail'd  
 On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No:  
 She's punish'd for her truth. O my master!  
 Thy mind to hers is now as low as were  
 Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her?  
 Upon the love and truth and vows which I  
 Have made to thy command? [*Reading.*] "Do't:  
 the letter  
 That I have sent her, by her own command  
 Shall give the opportunity." O damn'd paper!  
 Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble!  
 So virgin-like without! Lo, here she comes.  
 I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Imo.* How now, Pisanio!

*Pis.* Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

*Imo.* Who? thy lord? that is my lord, Leonatus!  
 O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer  
 That knew the stars as I his characters;  
 He'd lay the future open. You good gods,  
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,  
 Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not  
 That we two are asunder; let that grieve him:  
 Of his content, all but in that! Good news, gods!  
 [*Reads.*] "Justice, and your father's wrath, should  
 he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to  
 me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even

renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in  
Cambria, at Milford-Haven : what your own love will  
out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all  
happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your,  
increasing in love, LEONATUS POSTHUMUS."

O, for a horse with wings ! Hear'st thou, Pisanio ?  
He is at Milford-Haven : read, and tell me  
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs  
May plod it in a week, why may not I  
Glide thither in a day ? Then, true Pisanio,—  
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord ; who long'st,—  
But in a fainter kind,—O, not like me,  
For mine's beyond beyond !—say, how far 'tis  
To this same blessèd Milford ? But first of all,  
How we may steal from hence : and for the gap  
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going  
And our return, to excuse : but first, how get hence :  
Why should excuse be born or ere begot ?  
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,  
How many score of miles may we well ride  
'Twixt hour and hour ?

*Pis.* One score 'twixt sun and sun,  
Madam, 's enough for you : [*aside*] and too much  
too.

*Imo.* Why, one that rode to's execution, man,  
Could never go so slow : I have heard of riding wagers,  
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands  
That run i' the clock's behalf : but this is foolery :—  
Go bid my woman feign a sickness ; say—

*Pis.* Madam, you're best consider.

*Imo.* I see before me, man : nor here, nor here,  
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them  
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee !  
Do as I bid thee : there's no more to say ;  
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*



ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Wales : a mountainous country, with a cave.*

*Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Belarius.*



GOODLY day not to keep house, with  
such

Whose roof's, as low as ours! Stoop,  
boys; this gate

Instructs you how t'adore the heavens and bows you  
To a morning's holy office. Hail, thou fair heaven!

*Gui.* Hail, heaven!

*Arv.* Hail, heaven!

*Bel.* Now for our mountain sport; up to yond hill;  
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,  
When you above perceive me like a crow,  
That it is place which lessens and sets off:  
And you may then revolve what tales I've told you,  
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:  
This service is not service, so being done,  
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus  
Draws us a profit from all things we see;  
And often, to our comfort, shall we find  
The sharded beetle in a safer hold  
Than is the full-wing'd eagle.

*Gui.* Out of your proof you speak: we, poor, unfledg'd,  
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not  
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,

If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you,  
That have a sharper known, well corresponding  
With your stiff age ; but unto us it is  
A cell of ignorance.

*Arv.* What should we speak of,  
When we are old as you ? when we shall hear  
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,  
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse  
The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing :  
Our valour is, to chase what flies ; our cage  
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,  
And sing our bondage freely.

*Bel.* How you speak ! Did you but know the city's  
usuries  
And felt them knowingly ; the art o' the court,  
As hard to leave as keep ; the toil o' the war,  
A pain that only seems to seek out danger  
I' the name of fame and honour ; which dies i' the  
search,  
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph  
As record of fair act.—O boys, this story  
The world may read in me : Cymbeline lov'd me,  
And when a soldier was the theme, my name  
Was not far off : then was I as a tree,  
Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but in one night,  
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,  
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,  
And left me bare to weather.

*Gui.* Uncertain favour !

*Bel.* My fault being nothing—as I have told you  
oft—

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd  
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline  
I was confederate with the Romans : so  
Follow'd my banishment, and, this twenty years,  
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world  
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid  
More pious debts to heaven than in all  
The fore-end of my time.—But up to the mountains !

This is not hunter's language : he that strikes  
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast ;  
I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature !  
These boys know little they are sons to th' king ;  
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are still alive.  
They think they're mine : and, though train'd up thus  
meanly

I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit  
The roofs of palaces. This Polydore,  
The king his father called Guiderius—Jove !  
When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell  
The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out  
Into my story. The younger brother, Cadwal,  
Once Arvirágus, in as like a figure,  
Strikes life into my speech and shows much more  
His own conceiving. [*Horn.*] Hark, the game is  
rous'd !—

O Cymbeline ! heaven and my conscience knows  
Thou didst unjustly banish me : whereon,  
At three and two years old, I stole these babes ;  
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as  
Thou rest'st me of my lands.—[*Horn.*] The game is  
up. [*Exit.*]

SCENE 2. *Country near Milford-Haven.*

*Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.*

*Imogen.*

**T**HOU told'st me, when we came from horse, the  
place

Was near at hand : ne'er long'd my mother so  
To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio ! man !  
Where is Posthúmus ? What is in thy mind,  
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with  
A look untender ? My husband's hand !  
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,

And he's at some hard point. Speak, man : thy  
tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read  
Would be even mortal to me.

*Pis.* Please you, read ;

And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing  
The most disdain'd of fortune.

*Imo.* [*Reads.*] "Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the wanton ; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life : I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose : where, if thou fear to strike and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal."

*Pis.* What shall I need to draw my sword ? the  
paper

Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander ;  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword ; whose tongue  
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile : whose breath  
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie  
All corners of the world. Alas, good lady.

*Imo.* False to his bed ! What is it to be false ?

To lie in watch there and to think on him ?  
To weep 'twixt clock and clock ? if sleep charge nature,  
To break it with a fearful dream of him  
And cry myself awake ? that's false to's bed, is it ?  
To pieces with me !—Come, be honest—look !  
I draw the sword myself : take it, and hit  
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart :  
Fear not ; 'tis empty of all things but grief :  
Thy master is not there, who was indeed  
The riches of it : do his bidding ; strike.  
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause ;  
But now thou seem'st a coward.

*Pis.*

Hence, vile instrument

Thou shalt not damn my hand.

*Imo.*

Why, I must die.

Come, here's my heart.

Something's afore't. Soft, soft! we'll no defence;

[*Takes POSTHUMUS' letters from her bosom.*]

The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,

All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,

Corrupters of my faith! You shall no more

Be stomachers to my heart. Prithee, dispatch:

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,

When I desire it too.

*Pis.*

O gracious lady,

Since I received command to do this business

I have not slept one wink.

*Imo.*

Do't and to bed, then.

*Pis.* I'll wake mine eye-balls out first. Good lady,

Hear me with patience.

*Imo.* Talk thy tongue weary; speak.

*Pis.*

Then, madam,

I thought you would not back again.

*Imo.*

Most like;

Bringing me here to kill me.

*Pis.*

Not so, neither;

Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,

Hath done you both this cursèd injury.

*Imo.* Some Roman courtesan.

*Pis.*

No, on my life!

The ambassador,

Lucius, the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven

To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind

Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise

That which, t' appear itself, must not yet be

But by self-danger, you should tread a course

Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near

The residence of Posthumus; so nigh at least

That though his actions were not visible, yet

Report should render him hourly to your ear,

As truly as he moves.

*Imo.*

O, for such means!—

*Pis.* Well, then, here's the point :  
 You must forget to be a woman ; change  
 Command into obedience : fear and niceness—  
 The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,  
 Woman its pretty self—into a waggish courage :  
 Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and  
 As quarrelous as the weasel.

*Imo.* Nay, be brief :  
 I see into thy end, and am almost  
 A man already.

*Pis.* First, make yourself but like one.  
 'Fore noble Lucius  
 Present yourself, desire his service ;—doubtless  
 With joy he will embrace you, for he's honourable  
 And doubling that, most holy.

*Imo.* Thou'rt all the comfort  
 The gods will diet me with. This attempt I'm soldier  
 to,  
 And will attempt it, with a prince's courage.

*Pis.* Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,  
 Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of  
 Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,  
 Here is a box ; I had it from the queen :  
 What's in it is precious ; a dram of this  
 Will drive away distemper. May the gods  
 Direct you to the best !

*Imo.* Amen : I thank thee.

SCENE 3. *A room in CYMBELINE'S palace.*

*Flourish.* CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS,  
 Lords, and Attendants *discovered*.

*Cymbeline.*

HUS far ; and so farewell.

*Luc.* Thanks, royal sir.  
 My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,  
 And am right sorry that I must report you  
 My master's enemy.

*Cym.* Our subjects, sir,  
Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself  
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs  
Appear unkinglike.

*Luc.* So, sir. I desire of you  
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.—  
Madam, all joy befall your grace !

*Queen.* And you !

*Cym.* My lords, you are appointed for that office ;  
The due of honour in no point omit.—  
So farewell, noble Lucius.

*Luc.* Your hand, my lord.

*Clo.* Receive it friendly ; but from this time forth  
I wear it as your enemy.

*Luc.* Sir, the event  
Is yet to name the winner ; fare you well.

*Cym.* Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,  
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness !

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and Lords.*]

*Queen.* He goes hence frowning ; but it honours us  
That we have given him cause.

*Cym.* But where's our daughter ? She hath not  
appear'd  
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd  
The duty of the day. She looks us like  
A thing more made of malice than of duty :  
We have noted it.

*Enter Second Lord.*

Where is she, sir ? How  
Can her contempt be answer'd ?

*Sec. Lord.* Please you, sir,  
Her chambers are all lock'd ; and there's no answer  
That will be given to th' loudest noise we make.

*Cym.* Her doors lock'd,  
Not seen of late ? Grant, heavens, that which I fear  
Prove false ! [*Exeunt CYMBELINE and Attendants.*]

*Queen.* Son, I say, follow the king.

*Clo.* That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,  
I have not seen these two days.

*Queen.*

Go, look after.

[*Exit* CLOTEN.]

Pisanio hath a drug of mine ; I pray his absence  
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes  
It is a thing most precious. But for her,  
Where is she gone ? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her,  
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown  
To her desir'd Posthúmus : gone she is  
To death or to dishonour ; and my end  
Can make good use of either : she being down,  
I have the placing of the British crown.

*Re-enter* CLOTEN.

How now, my son !

*Clo.*

'Tis certain she is fled.

Go in and cheer the king : he rages ; none  
Dare come about him.

*Queen.* [*Aside.*]

All the better : may

This night forestall him of the coming day !

[*Exeunt* QUEEN and Attendants.]

*Clo.* I love and hate her : for she's fair and royal,  
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite  
Than lady, ladies, woman ; from every one  
The best she hath ; and she, of all compounded,  
Outsells them all,—I love her therefore : but  
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on  
The low Posthúmus slanders so her judgment,  
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,  
To be reveng'd upon her. Who is here ?

*Enter* PISANIO.

Come hither. What, are you packing, sirrah ? villain,  
Where is thy lady ? In a word ; or else  
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

[*Drawing his sword.*]

Where is thy lady ? or, by Jupiter,—

*Pis.* O, my all-worthy lord !

*Clo.* All-worthy villain !

Discover where thy mistress is at once,  
At the next word : no more of "worthy lord !"  
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is  
Thy condemnation and thy death.

*Pis.* Then, sir,

This paper is the history of my knowledge  
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

*Clo.* Let 's see 't. I will pursue her  
Even to Augustus' throne ; or this, or perish !

*Pis.* [*Aside.*] She's far enough ; and what he learns  
by this

May prove his travel, not her danger.

*Clo.* [*Reading.*] Hum !

*Pis.* [*Aside.*] I'll write to my lord she's dead. O  
Imogen,

Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again !

*Clo.* Sirrah, is this letter true ?

*Pis.* Sir, as I think.

*Clo.* It is Posthúmus' hand ; I know 't. Sirrah,  
wilt thou serve me ?

*Pis.* Sir, I will.

*Clo.* Here 's my purse. Hast any of thy late  
master's garments in thy possession ?

*Pis.* I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit  
he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

*Clo.* The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit  
hither : let it be thy first service ; go.

*Pis.* I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*]

*Clo.* Meet thee at Milford-Haven !—I forgot to ask  
him one thing ; I'll remember 't anon :—even there,  
thou villain Posthúmus, will I kill thee. She said  
that she held the very garment of Posthúmus in more  
respect than my noble and natural person, together  
with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit  
upon my back will I kill him, and in her eyes.  
She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry  
in my revenge.

*Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?

*Pis.* Ay, my noble lord.

*Clo.* How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

*Pis.* She can scarce be there yet.

*Clo.* Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design.—My revenge is now at Milford; would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. *[Exit.*

*Pis.* Thou bidd'st me to my loss; for true to thee Were to prove false, which I will never be,  
To him that is most true. *[Exit.*

SCENE 4. *Wales. Before the cave of BELARIUS.*

*Enter IMOGEN in boy's clothes.*

*Imogen.*



SEE a man's life is a tedious one :  
I've tir'd myself, and for two nights together  
Have made the ground my bed. I should be  
sick,

But that my resolution helps me. Milford,  
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,  
Thou wast within a ken. Two beggars told me  
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,  
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis  
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder  
When rich ones scarce tell true. My dear lord!  
Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on thee,  
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was  
At point to sink for food. But what is this?  
Here is a path to't: 'tis some savage hold:  
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,  
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.

Ho! who's here?

If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,  
Take or lend. Ho ! No answer ? Then I'll enter.  
Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy  
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.  
Such a foe, good heavens ! *[Exit to the cave.]*

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman and  
Are master of the feast : Cadwal and I  
Will play the cook and servant ; 'tis our match :  
Come ; our stomachs  
Will make what's homely savoury.  
Now peace be here,  
Poor house, that keep'st thyself !

*Gui.* I'm thoroughly weary.

*Arv.* I'm weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

*Gui.* There's cold meat i' the cave ; we'll browse  
on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

*Bel.* *[Looking into the cave.]* Stay ; come not in.  
But that it eats our victuals, I should think  
Here were a fairy.

*Gui.* What's the matter, sir ?

*Bel.* By Jupiter, an angel ! or, if not,  
An earthly paragon !

*Re-enter* IMOGEN.

*Imo.* Good masters, harm me not :  
Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought  
To have begg'd or bought what I have took : good troth,  
I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I'd found  
Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my meat :  
I would have left it on the board so soon  
As I had made my meal, and parted  
With prayers for the provider.

*Gui.* Money, youth ?

*Arv.* All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !

As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those  
Who worship dirty gods.

*Imo.* I see you're angry :  
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should  
Have died had I not made it.

*Bel.* Whither bound ?

*Imo.* To Milford-Haven.

*Bel.* What's your name ?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir.

*Bel.* Prithee, fair youth,  
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds  
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd !  
'Tis almost night : you shall have better cheer  
Ere you depart ; and thanks to stay and eat it.  
Boys, bid him welcome.

*Arv.* I'll love him as my brother :  
And such a welcome as I'd give to him  
After long absence, such is yours : most welcome !  
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

*Imo.* 'Mongst friends,  
If brothers. [*Aside.*] Would it had been so, that they  
Had been my father's sons ! then had my prize  
Been less, and so more equal ballasting  
To thee, Posthúmus.

*Bel.* He wrings at some distress.

*Gui.* Would I could free it !

*Arv.* Or I, whate'er it be,  
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods !

*Bel.* Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*]

*Imo.* Great men,  
That had a court no bigger than this cave,  
Could not outpeer these twain. Pardon me, gods !  
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,  
Since Leonatus' false.

*Bel.* It shall be so.  
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in :  
Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have supp'd,  
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,  
So far as thou wilt speak it.

*Gui.*

Pray, draw near.

*Arv.* The night to th' owl and morn to the lark less welcome.

*Imo.* Thanks, sir.

*Arv.* I pray, draw near.

SCENE 5. *Near the cave of* BELARIUS.

*Enter* CLOTEN, *in the dress of* POSTHUMUS.

*Cloten.*



AM near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! The lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services. Yet this imperseverant thing, loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthúmus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place: and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE 6. *Before the cave of* BELARIUS.

*Enter, from the cave,* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *and* IMOGEN.

*Belarius.* [To IMOGEN.]



OU are not well: remain here in the cave; We'll come to you after hunting.

*Gui.* Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

*Imo.* So sick I am not, yet I am not well;

So please you leave me.  
 I'm ill, but your being by me  
 Cannot amend me. I am not very sick,  
 Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me  
 here :

I'll rob none but myself.

*Gui.* I love thee ; I've spoke it :

*Arv.* Brother, farewell.

*Imo.* I wish ye sport.

*Arv.* You health. So please you, sir.

*Imo.* [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,  
 what lies I've heard !

Our courtiers say all's savage but at court :

Experience, O, thou disprov'st report !

I am sick still ; heart-sick.—Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*]

*Bel.* To the field, to the field !

We'll leave you for this time : go in and rest.

*Arv.* We'll not be long away.

*Bel.* Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our hūswife.

*Imo.* Well or ill,

I am bound to you.

*Bel.* And shalt be ever.

[*Exit IMOGEN to the cave.*]

This youth, howe'er distress'd appears he, hath had  
 Good ancestors.

*Arv.* How angel-like he sings !

*Gui.* But his neat cookery ! He cut our roots in  
 characters ;

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick

And he our dieter.

*Bel.* It is great morning. Come, away !—Who's  
 there ?

*Enter CLOTEN.*

*Clo.* I cannot find those runagates ; that villain  
 Hath mock'd me.—I am faint.

*Bel.*

"Those runagates!"

Means he not us? I partly know him: 'tis  
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.  
I saw him not these many years, and yet  
I know 'tis he.—We're held as outlaws: hence!

*Gui.* He is but one: you and my brother search  
What companies are near: pray you, away;  
Let me alone with him.

*[Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.]**Clo.*

Soft! What are you

That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?  
I've heard of such. What slave art thou?

*Gui.*

A thing

More slavish did I ne'er, than answering  
A "slave" without a knock.

*Clo.*

Thou art a robber,

A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

*Gui.* To who? to thee? What art thou? Have  
not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?  
Thy words I grant, are bigger; for I wear not  
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,  
Why I should yield to thee?

*Clo.*

Thou villain base,

Know'st me not by my clothes?

*Gui.* No, nor thy tailor, rascal,

Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,  
Which, as it seems, make thee.

*Clo.*

Thou injurious thief,

Hear but my name, and tremble.

*Gui.*

What's thy name?

*Clo.* Cloten, thou villain.

*Gui.* Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,  
I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad, or Adder, or  
Spider,

'Twould move me sooner.

*Clo.*

To thy further fear,

Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know  
I'm son to the queen.

*Gui.* I'm sorry for 't ; not seeming  
So worthy as thy birth.

*Clo.* Art not afeard ?

*Gui.* Those that I reverence, those I fear,—the wise :  
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

*Clo.* Die the death :  
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,  
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,  
And on the gates of Lud's-town \* set your heads :  
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

*Re-enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Bel.* No companies abroad ?

*Arv.* None in the world : you did mistake him, sure.

*Bel.* I cannot tell : long is it since I saw him,  
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour  
Which then he wore ; the snatches in his voice,  
And burst of speaking, were as his : I'm absolute  
'Twas very Cloten.

*Arv.* In this place we left them.

*Bel.* But, see, thy brother.

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS.*

*Gui.* This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse ;  
There was no money in 't : not Hercules  
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none.

*Bel.* What hast thou done ?

*Gui.* Cut off one Cloten's head,  
Son to the queen, after his own report.  
I'll throw 't into the creek  
Behind our rock ; and let it to the sea,  
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten :  
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*]

*Bel.* I fear 'twill be reveng'd :

\* London.

Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though  
valour

Becomes thee well enough.

*Arv.* Would I had done't.

*Bel.* We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger  
Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;  
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay  
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him  
To dinner presently.

*Arv.* Poor sick Fidele!

I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour

I'd let a parish of such Cloten's blood,

And praise myself for charity. *[Exit.]*

*Bel.* O thou goddess,  
Thou divine Nature, thou thyself thou blazon'st  
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle  
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,  
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,  
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,  
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
And make him stoop t' the vale.

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS.*

*Gui.* Where's my brother?  
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,  
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage  
For his return. *[Solemn music from the cave.]*

*Bel.* My ingenious instrument!  
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion  
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

*Gui.* Is he at home?

*Bel.* He went hence even now.  
Look, here he comes,  
And brings the dire occasion in his arms  
Of what we blame him for.

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing in his arms IMOGEN as dead.*

*Arv.* The bird is dead  
That we have made so much on. I had rather  
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,  
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,  
Than have seen this.

*Gui.* Why he but sleeps :  
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;  
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,  
And worms will not come to them.

*Arv.* With fairest flowers,  
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave : thou shalt not lack  
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor  
The azure harebell, like thy veins, no, nor  
The leafy eglantine, whom not to slander,  
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath.

*Gui.* Let's bury him,  
And not protract with admiration what  
Is now due debt. T' the grave !

*Arv.* And let us sing him to the ground.

*Gui.* Cadwal,  
I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee ;  
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse  
Than priests and fanes that lie.

*Arv.* We'll speak it, then.

*Bel.* Great griefs, I see, med'cine the less ; for Cloten  
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys ;  
And though he came our enemy, remember  
He was paid for that. Our foe was princely ;  
And though you took his life, as being a foe,  
Yet bury him as a prince.

*Gui.* Pray you, fetch him hither.  
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',  
When neither are alive.

*Arv.* If you'll go fetch him,

We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.

[*Exit* BELARIUS.]

*Gui.* Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th' east;  
My father hath a reason for 't.

*Arv.* 'Tis true.

*Gui.* Come on then, and remove him.

*Arv.* So. Begin.

SONG.

*Gui.* Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy wordly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

*Arv.* Fear no more the frown o' th' great;  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak:  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

*Re-enter* BELARIUS, *with the body of* CLOTEN.

*Gui.* We've done our obsequies: come lay him  
down.

*Bel.* Here's a few flowers: but 'bout midnight,  
more:

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night  
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.

Come on, away; apart upon our knees,  
The ground, that gave them first, has them again:  
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIR-  
AGUS.]

*Imo.* [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which  
is the way?—

I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far thither?  
'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?—

I have gone all night. 'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.  
But, soft ! no bedfellow !—O gods and goddesses !

[*Seeing the body of CLOTEN.*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world ;  
This bloody man, the care on 't. I hope I dream ;  
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,  
And cook to honest creatures : but 'tis not so.  
I tremble still with fear : but if there be  
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity  
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it.  
The dream's here still : even when I wake, it is  
Without me, as within me ; not imagin'd, felt.  
A headless man ! The garments of Posthumus !  
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's ; O !  
Damn'd Pisanio ! damn'd Pisanio !  
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks  
And mine to boot, be darted on thee !  
Posthumus,—where is thy head ? Ah me ! where's  
that ?

Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,  
That we the horridier may seem to those  
Which chance to find us : O, my lord, my lord !

[*Falls on the body.*

*Enter LUCIUS, a Captain and other Officers, and  
soldiers.*

*Cap.* To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,  
After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending  
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships :  
They are in readiness.

*Luc.* But what from Rome ?

*Cap.* The senate hath stirr'd up the confines  
And gentlemen of Italy : and they come  
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,  
Sienna's brother.

*Luc.* When expect you them ?

*Cap.* With the next benefit o' the wind.

*Luc.* This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers

Be muster'd ; bid the captains look to't.  
Soft, ho ! what is here ? The ruin speaks that sometime  
It was a worthy building. How ! a page !  
Or dead, or sleeping on him ?  
Let's see the boy's face.

*Cap.* He's alive, my lord.

*Luc.* He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,

Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems  
They crave to be demanded. Who is this  
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow ? What's thy interest  
In this sad wreck ? How came it ? Who is it ?  
What art thou ?

*Imo.* I am nothing : or if not,  
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,  
A very valiant Briton and a good,  
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas !  
There are no more such masters : I may wander  
From east to occident, cry out for service,  
Try many, and all good, serve truly, never  
Find such another master.

*Luc.* Thy name ?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir.

*Luc.* Thou dost approve thyself the very same :  
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.  
Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say  
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,  
No less belov'd.

*Imo.* I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,  
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep  
As these poor pickaxes can dig ; and when  
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I've strew'd his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,  
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh ;  
And leaving so his service, follow you,

So please you entertain me.

*Luc.*

Ay, good youth ;

And rather father thee than master thee.

My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties : let us

Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can

And make him with our pikes and partisans

A grave ! Come, boy, be cheerful ; wipe thine eyes :

Some falls, are means the happier to arise.





ACT V.

SCENE I. *Britain : near the Roman Camp.*

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

*Guiderius.*



HE noise is round about us.

*Bel.*

Let us from it.

We'll higher to the mountains ; there  
secure us.

To the king's party there's no going : newness  
Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not muster'd  
Among the bands—may drive us to a render  
Where we have liv'd, and so extort from 's that  
Which we have done, whose answer would be death,  
Drawn on with torture.

*Gui.*

Pray, sir, to the army :

I and my brother are not known ; yourself  
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,  
Cannot be question'd.

*Arv.*

By this sun that shines,

I'll thither : I'm asham'd  
To look upon the holy sun, to have  
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining  
So long a poor unknown.

*Gui.*

By heavens, I'll go :

If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,  
I'll take the better care, but if you will not,  
The hazard, therefore due, fall on me by  
The hands of Romans !

*Arv.*

So say I : amen.

*Bel.* No reason I, since of your lives you set  
So slight a valuation, should reserve  
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys!  
If in your country wars you chance to die,  
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* POSTHUMUS.

*Post.* O Pisanio!  
Every good servant does not all commands:  
No bond but to do just ones. Gods! if you  
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never  
Had liv'd to put on this: so had you sav'd  
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck  
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance.  
I am brought hither  
Among th' Italian gentry, and to fight  
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough  
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!  
I'll give no wound to thee. I will disrobe me  
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself  
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight  
Against the part I come with; so I'll die  
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life  
Is, every breath, a death. [*Exit.*

SCENE 2. *Field of battle between the British and Roman Camps.*

*Alarums as of a battle. Fighting on one side, LUCIUS, and the Roman Army: on the other, the British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, like a poor Briton soldier. The Romans are driven back. Exeunt omnes. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: the latter vanquishes and disarms IACHIMO, and then leaves him.*

*Iachimo.*



HE heaviness and guilt within my bosom  
Takes off my manhood: I've belied a lady,  
The princess of this country, and the air on't  
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,\*  
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me?  
Knighthoods and honours, borne  
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn. [Exit.

*Fierce battle. The Britons fly. The Romans capture CYMBELINE. Then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, POSTHUMUS, and the rallied Britons.*

*Bel.* Stand, stand! We have th' advantage of the ground.

*Gui.*

Stand!

*Arv.*

Stand and fight.

*The Britons rescue CYMBELINE.*

\* Churl.

SCENE 3. *Another part of the field.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS, in his Italian dress.*

*Posthumus.*

**T**O-DAY how many would have given their  
honours  
T' have saved their carcasses! took heel to do't,  
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,  
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,  
Nor feel him where he struck. Well, I will find him :  
For I've resum'd again  
The part I came in : fight I will no more,  
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall  
Once touch my shoulder.

*Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.*

*First Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd ! Lucius is taken.  
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

*Sec. Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,  
That gave th' affront with them.

*First Cap.* So 'tis reported :  
But none of 'em can be found. Stand ! who's there ?

*Post.* A Roman,  
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds  
Had answer'd him.

*Sec. Cap.* Lay hands on him ; a dog !—  
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell  
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his  
service  
As if he were of note : bring him to the king.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE 4. CYMBELINE'S *tent*.

*Flourish.* CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, Guards, and Attendants *discovered*.

*Cymbeline.*



TAND by my side, you whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. [*To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*]

'Tis now the time

To ask of whence you are :—report it.

*Bel.*

Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen :  
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,  
Unless I add, we're honest.

*Cym.*

Bow your knees.

Arise my knights o' the battle : I create you  
Companions to our person and will fit you  
With dignities becoming your estates.

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded ; POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN as a Page, attendant on LUCIUS.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute ; that  
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss  
Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made suit  
That their good souls may be pleas'd with slaughter  
Of you their captives ; so think of your estate.

*Luc.* Consider, sir, the chance of war : the day  
Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,  
We should not, when the blood was cool, have  
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods  
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives  
May be call'd ransom, let it come. This one thing  
only

I will entreat ; my boy, a Briton born,  
 Let him be ransom'd : he hath done no Briton harm,  
 Though he have serv'd a Roman : save him, sir,  
 And spare no blood beside.

*Cym.* I have surely seen him :  
 His favour is familiar to me. Boy,  
 Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,  
 And art mine own. I know not why nor wherefore,  
 To say "live boy : " ne'er thank thy master ; live !  
 And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,  
 I'll give it.

*Imo.* I humbly thank your highness.

*Luc.* I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ;  
 And yet I know thou wilt.

*Imo.* No, no ; alack !  
 There's other work in hand. [*Looking on IACHIMO.*]  
 I see a thing  
 Bitter to me as death.

*Cym.* What wouldst thou, boy ?  
 I love thee more and more : know'st him thou look'st  
 on ? speak,  
 Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

*Imo.* He is a Roman ; no more kin to me  
 Than I to your highness.

*Cym.* Wherefore ey'st him so ?

*Imo.* I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please  
 To give me hearing.

*Cym.* Ay, with all my heart,  
 And lend my best attention. What's thy name ?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir.

*Cym.* Thou'rt my good youth, my page ;  
 I'll be thy master : walk with me ; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.]

*Bel.* Is not this boy reviv'd from death ?

*Gui.* The same dead thing alive.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.]

*Cym.* Come, stand thou by our side ;  
 Make thy demand aloud. [*To IACHIMO.*] Sir, step  
 you forth ;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely.

*Imo.* My boon is, that this gentleman may render  
Of whom he had this ring.

*Post.* [*Aside.*]                      What's that to him?

*Cym.* That diamond upon your finger, say  
How came it yours?

*Iach.* Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that  
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

*Cym.*                                              How! me?

*Iach.* By villainy  
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;  
And—which more may grieve thee—a nobler sir ne'er  
liv'd  
'Twixt sky and ground.—Wilt thou hear more, my  
lord?

*Cym.* All that belongs to this.

*Iach.*                      That paragon, thy daughter,—  
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits  
Quail to remember—Give me leave; I faint.

*Cym.* My daughter! what of her? strive, man, and  
speak.

*Iach.* Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock  
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—accurs'd  
The mansion where!—the good Posthúmus—  
What should I say? he was too good to be  
Where ill men were; and was the best of all  
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,—sitting sadly,  
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy,  
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast  
Of him that best could speak——

*Cym.*                                              Come to the matter.

*Iach.* All too soon I shall.—Your daughter—there  
it begins.

He spake of her as Dian, whereat, I,  
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him  
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore  
Upon his honour'd finger, to win this ring.  
He, true knight,  
No lesser of her honour confident

Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring ;  
 And would so had it been a carbuncle  
 Of Phœbus' wheel ; and might so safely, had it  
 Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain  
 Post I in this design : well may you, sir,  
 Remember me at court, where, being thus quench'd  
 Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain  
 'Gan in your duller Britain operate  
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,  
 By wounding his belief in her renown  
 With tokens thus, and thus ; averring notes  
 Of chamber-hanging pictures, this her bracelet,—  
 O cunning, how I got it !—nay, some marks  
 Of secret on her person.—Whereupon—  
 Methinks, I see him now—

*Post.* [*Advancing.*] Ay, so thou dost,  
 Italian fiend ! Ay me, most credulous fool,  
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing  
 That 's due to all the villains past, in being,  
 To come ! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,  
 Some upright justicer ! Thou, king, send out  
 For torturers ingenious : it is I  
 That all th' abhorred things o' the earth amend  
 By being worse than they. I am Posthúmus,  
 That kill'd thy daughter :—villain-like, I lie—  
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,  
 A sacrilegious thief, to do 't. O Imogen !  
 My queen, my life, my wife ! O Imogen,  
 Imogen, Imogen !

*Imo.* Peace, my lord ; hear, hear—

*Post.* Shall 's have a play of this ? Thou scornful  
 page,  
 There lie thy part. [*Striking her.*]

*Pis.* O, my lord Posthumus !  
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help !  
 Mine honour'd lady !

*Cym.* Does the world go round ?

*Imo.* Why did you throw your wedded lady from  
 you ?

Think that you are upon a rock ; and now  
Throw me again. [*Throwing her arms about his neck.*]

*Post.* Hang there like fruit, my soul,

Till the tree die !

*Cym.* How now, my flesh, my child !

Wilt thou not speak to me ?

*Imo.* [*Kneeling.*] Your blessing, sir.

*Cym.* My tears that fall

Prove holy water on thee ! Imogen,

Thy mother's dead.

*Imo.* I am sorry for 't, my lord.

*Cym.* Her son is gone, we know not how nor where.

*Gui.* I slew him.

*Cym.* Marry, the gods forfend ! deny 't again.

*Gui.* I've spoke it and I did it.

*Cym.* He was a prince.

*Gui.* A most incivil one.

*Cym.* I'm sorry for thee :

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must  
Endure our law : thou art dead.

*Bel.* Stay, sir king :

[*Advancing with ARVIRAGUS.*]

This man is better than the man he slew,  
As well descended as thyself ; and hath  
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens  
Had ever scar for. [*To the Guard.*] Let his arms  
alone ;

They were not born for bondage. My sons, I must,  
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,  
Though, haply, well for you.

*Arv.* Your danger's ours.

*Gui.* And our good his.

*Bel.* Have at it then,—

By leave,—thou hadst, great king, a subject who  
Was call'd Belarius.

*Cym.* What of him ? he is

A banish'd traitor.

*Bel.* Indeed a banish'd man ;

I know not how a traitor.

*Cym.* Take him hence ;  
The whole world shall not save him.

*Bel.* Not too hot  
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons.

*Cym.* My sons !

*Bel.* I am too blunt and saucy : here's my knee.  
These two that think they are my sons, are none of mine ;

They are the issue of your loins, my liege,  
And blood of your begetting.

*Cym.* How ! my issue !

*Bel.* So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,  
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd.  
Here are your sons again ; and I must lose  
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.  
The benediction of these covering heavens  
Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy  
To inlay heaven with stars.

*Cym.* I lost my children ;  
If these be they, I know not how to wish  
A pair of worthier sons. O Imogen,  
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

*Imo.* No, my lord ;  
I have got two worlds by't. O my gentle brothers,  
Have we thus met ? O, never say hereafter  
But I am truest speaker : you call'd me brother,  
When I was but your sister ; I you brothers,  
When you were so indeed.

*Cym.* O rare instinct !  
Thou art my brother. [*To BELARIUS.*] So we'll hold  
thee ever.

*Imo.* You are my father too ; and did relieve me,  
To see this gracious season. [*To LUCIUS.*] My good  
master,

I will yet do you service.

*Cym.* All o'erjoy'd,  
Save these in bonds : let them be joyful too,  
For they shall taste our comfort.  
The fórlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,

He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd  
The thankings of a king.

*Post.* 'Tis I am, sir,  
The soldier that did company these three  
In poor beseeching: 'twas a fitment for  
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,  
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down and might  
Have made you finish.

*Iach.* [*Kneeling.*] I am down again:  
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,  
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,  
Which I so often owe: but your ring first;  
And here the bracelet of the truest princess  
That ever swore her faith.

[*Giving* POSTHUMUS *the jewels.*]

*Post.* Kneel not to me:  
The power that I have on you is to spare you;  
The malice towards you to forgive you: live,  
And deal with others better.

*Cym.* Nobly doom'd!  
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;  
Pardon's the word to all. Laud we the gods;  
And let our crookèd smokes climb to their nostrils  
From our blest altars. Set we forward: let  
A Roman and a British ensign wave  
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:  
And in the temple of great Jupiter  
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.  
Set on there.

[*Exeunt.*]

CURTAIN.





CHISWICK PRESS:—CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO., TOOKS COURT,  
CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.



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